

Salem May 2<sup>nd</sup>

Dear Mr. Wells:

I am enclosing  
my brief sketch of  
one of the vanished  
ways of doing  
business. I am sorry  
I could not <sup>get the</sup> photo off  
the album page in  
better condition.

Thank you for  
your interest and  
help. Sincerely yours,

Helen C. Hagar

180 Derby St. Salem tel. 745-3028

Dear Mr. Wells  
I am enclosing  
my brief sketch of  
one of the numerous  
ways of doing  
business. I am sure  
I could not <sup>get the</sup> ~~take~~ off  
the album page in  
better condition.  
Thank you for  
your interest and  
help. Sincerely yours,  
Allen C. Hager  
2007.5.2.1

As an after-thought  
I wondered if you  
would like this  
account of a  
War of 1812 vet-  
eran. There were  
not many from  
Peabody as you  
can see -

H.C.H.

Please discard if you do  
not care to file

2007.5.2.1



## Peabody - Salem Express.

My Father, W<sup>m</sup>. C. Hagar, bought his express business from W<sup>m</sup>. Annable of Salem about 1895. He bought a new, fairly heavy wagon, built by Pike + Whipple of Andover St. Peabody. It was painted dark green, with red and blue lettering, shaded with gold leaf. Dole + Osgood always painted it. He had a low, box pung he resorted to when snow came.

From Peabody, he made two trips, six days a week; seldom missing a day. He had two horses, one for each trip. At first he kept his wagon, horses, etc. at Dr. Davis' a veterinarian, who had his quarters on Torr-Wingate property across the street (Washington Place) from us at #8. When we moved into my grandmother's house at #14, in 1904, he used the barn there after putting a heavier floor in the stall part and building a shed on, for the wagon.

His routine called for him to leave around 7:30 A.M. and to return between 11:40 + 50. I went upstairs in the barn at 11:45 sharp, and poured the oats from a round, wooden measure, down a beautiful brass funnel, into a wooden chute to the stall, where Joe, the white horse, was expecting his dinner, so he would be ready to go out on the afternoon trip, around 1:15. They never went out without a lump of sugar, a carrot, or an apple.

Father had a routine, starting at B.B. Humphrey's grocery store on Washington St. He had a slate in there, where people in that locality could leave orders for him to call to take parcels, or to pick them up on his route. He then continued to A.H. Whiddens hardware store on Peabody Square, where he also had a slate. His route from there to Salem depended on his orders, sometimes via Walnut St, others, Boston St. He had a slate in Ketchum's Grain Store on Front St, cor. Central; one at Naumkeag Clothing store on Essex St, opposite Almys. His last call was at H. M. Bixby's also on Essex St. He figured to leave there at about 4:45, and to make deliveries on his way home.



2007.5.2.2



I often took the street-car to Salem (5d) when school let out about 3.30 to ride home with him. When the Rogers Farm (Oak Hill) was occupied in Summer, he delivered orders from I. P. Harris, a swank grocery store on Washington St. in Salem. One time I went with him; he took me into the kitchen with him. It seemed enormous, & I can still see the copper utensils shining on the wall. Gen. Appleton's on Summit St. was another regular call. Father had wanted a bob-tailed cat. He saw one there, and spoke for a kitten. She was a black and white cat, not handsome but smart.

After the Salem Fire, when the Mills started up, he carried bundles of cloth to the Peabody Bleachery to be finished or dyed. For years he delivered Daniel Low's catalogues at Xmas time. He brought them home in bundles from the printer's. We put them on the floor in the closed-up parlor & sorted them out according to district and street. He would take a certain group at a time so they were delivered in time for the season.

He charged 15¢ per regular package, and made a very good living at that. This applied to D. Low's catalogues. They held out as long as they could, but finally had to give in to Parcel Post, as my father had to do.

Salem, 1983

Helen C. Hagar



